

either of two alternatives. (1) The man's whole self may be stunted or distorted—for the whole body suffers with each of the members—by a wider application of which principle it follows that the whole community suffers loss, since all through his life such a man will consciously or unconsciously miss much possible happiness and usefulness and cause much unnecessary evil and pain to himself and others. (2) Or, his whole life may be ruined through the sudden revolt of the crushed, starved members—as the whole French nation suffered when the oppressed, degraded people seized that which they might justly claim.

Another interpretation, a personal reading, is, I think, more than possible. Shelley was a professed Atheist, driven thereto by his native candour and hatred of empty shows, as well as by the philosophical spirit which he had inherited from the preceding generation—the age of the Encyclopædia, of the first apparent triumph of science over revelation, when Knowledge ousting Superstition seemed to banish Faith. But, since man needs must worship, though it be but the works of his own hand, Shelley proceeded to deify Nature, whom he regarded—not as his great contemporary viewed her, as the garment of the Almighty or as a visible thought of the Creator—but as an unfathomable abstraction, whose aspects he personified that he might adore her in the spirit of the Pantheists. Yet this worship could not satisfy his soul, but he must ever yearn and hunger for that which alone can fulfil man's infinite aspirations and exhaust his whole capacity of knowing, loving, and believing—ininitely wise and just and powerful Love, a personal God, in fellowship with Whom man's personality may find completion. Stung by this human longing, the crowning glory of man's nature, the poet uttered this plaint, in which, though veiled by vivid imagery and voiced in subtle harmonies, we yet can hear the cry of the starving soul that thirsteth for God like as a hart panteth for the water brooks.

K. R. H.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

PERSONS.

JUNO A MAJESTIC MATRON.
ATHENE .. SCHOLARLY.
VENUS GEMENINE.

AND

PARIS THE MAN OF THE PARTY.

SCENE.

A room looking down upon Mount Tola from the heights of Olympus. Juno at a loom, Athené reading, Venus looking out of window. All looking sulky.

Juno. Considering, sisters, I am Heaven's Queen,
Your manners are the worst I've ever seen!
Here's Venus hints that I am but a fright,
And you, Athené, say I'm seldom right.

Athené. The ways of wisdom, m'am, you'll never know,
You're like your peacock—small head, train for show!

Venus. Dear Juno, she thinks nothing but of books,
And I can't help considering people's looks.

Juno. I hate Athené—she's a little prig.
For what *you* say I never care a fig.
I am the greatest, therefore am the best,
And with that surely we can let it rest.

Venus. The best! You! Why, my blessed Dame,
You're not the greatest if it comes to fame.
I'm better known than you, I really trust,
For love and beauty must rank first, they must!

Athené. You, my dear friends, have had no wondrous town
Named after you to add to your renown.
Though Beauty reigns in youth and for a season,
The gift which lasts is surely my pure reason!

Juno. 'Tis monstrous that these chits should claim my throne
When amongst men and gods as Queen I'm known!

Venus. Among the gods you rule by right of age,
And not because you're beautiful or sage.
Ask *man* the question who is greatest here,
The shepherd, Paris, probably is near.

Athené (aside). A shepherd's time to raise his soul by thought,
Wisdom he learns from Nature all unsought.
Yes, call him in, and let the youth decide
'Twixt rank and beauty, yea, and learning's pride.

Juno (authoritatively). Paris, ascend to where we sit on high;
Choose between learning, love, and majesty.

(*Enter Paris, with shepherd's crook, abashed.*)

Paris. Well, here I am, and now what can I do
To serve such charming goddesses as you?

Juno. I've told you, silly boy! say I am chief.

Athené. That isn't witty, even though its brief.

Venus. Ah, Paris, listen. You must here attest
Which of us three you reckon as the best.
Juno the haughty Queen, this learned sprite,
Or me, your friend, thus judgment we invite.

Juno. Consider, ere you dare to rashly speak,
That I am Heaven's Queen and vengeance wreak
On those who do not pay me honour due.
Choose me—or it shall be the worse for you.

Athené. Remember, man, that you possess a brain,
And though the angry Juno threaten pain,
It cannot hurt you, for, in choosing *me*,
You'd have the comforts of philosophy.
Choose wisdom, learning, knowledge, books and art,
Science, ideas, and all that I impart.

Venus. Now, Paris, dear, before you make your choice,
Just listen for a moment to Love's voice.
If I am beautiful I do not know
The fact, for certain, till *you* tell me so.

If I am loving, it would be as well
To have some friend to whom my love to tell.
If I am greatest, it can only be
Because you men most need my ministry,
And, reigning in your hearts the whole world round
As best and greatest, there am found and crowned.

Paris. Whatever shall I do to show my choice?
I scarcely feel that I can trust my voice.

Juno. As loyal subject you should give a token;
Respect to goddesses is *shown*, not spoken!

Paris. This apple, then, which I had meant to eat,
I'll lay with reverence at the lady's feet.

(*Lays it down in front of Venus.*)

Juno. You wicked child—you're making a mistake;
You *cannot* Venus for your sovereign take.

Athené. Misguided youth—I pray you think awhile,
It's sad her silly smiles should you beguile.

Venus. You'd better tell them why you've chosen me,
As I am glad and proud and pleased to see.

Paris. Well, you see, ladies, as I comprehend,
No haughty queen could ever be man's friend;
And learning, though no doubt 'tis mighty grand,
Is more than every man can understand.
But Love and Beauty, why the're dear to all—
The old, the young, the long, the short, the tall.
And what most people cannot do without
Must be the best, me seems, without a doubt.
And therefore to this lady, sweet and fair,
I've given the apple red, for everywhere,
As she has said, upon the whole world round,
Her loyal subjects are by millions found.

Juno. Go then, and live your error to repent,
And may your days in misery be spent.

Athené. I feel degraded! On that silly clown
I deigned to look a moment, stooping down,
Oh, go away, and learn your A, B, C,
Or something else as elementary.

Venus. Go, but remember you have chosen well,
And of your choice shall many ages tell.
Of all mankind I am henceforth the friend,
And thus, my sisters, let our long strife end.

Juno. Oh, well, I've no objection, reign on earth!
I'll give the mortals to you from their birth.
The company of gods *does* suit me best,
Among them here I govern still with zest.

Athené. Indeed, poor sister, if you care to rule,
Or men like that, no better than a fool,
I've no objection, for I call it waste
To care for creatures who've no sort of taste.

Venus. Well then, my sisters, here's an end of strife,
Let Love and Beauty reign o'er mortal's life.

(*All take hands.*)

A LAMENT.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while my tale of grief I tell,
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the
class-room bell.

'Tis the Terrace, all around it, as of old, the mountains loom,
And to-day they speak of sorrow, and there is an air of gloom.
Many a time up yonder mountain have I climbed with panting
breath,

Have I searched for mountain primrose, groped among turf
for heath;

Here about the beach I wandered, by the margin of yon pool,
Floundered in the stream for caddis flies, or searched for red
toad-stool.

Now I dip into the future—far as human eye can see,
Nature walk! where is thy leader? left the Lakeland? can
it be?

It may be our friend is weary, that her brain is overwrought—
Wearied with the strain of teaching—with the students she
has taught.

Am I mad that I should ever think her patience can give way?
No—it is to other labours that Miss H-dgs-n goes away.

For I dip into the future, far as human eye can see,
See a vision of her pupils, and the triumphs soon to be.

Slowly comes a hungry childhood, as a lion creeping nigher,
Rav'nous to be satiated with the education higher.

Knowledge comes, and wisdom follows; now appear upon
my view

Noble children, educated *à la* great P.N.E.U.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the class-
room bell!

Wishing for her glorious future, we must bid our friend
farewell.

L. M. G.